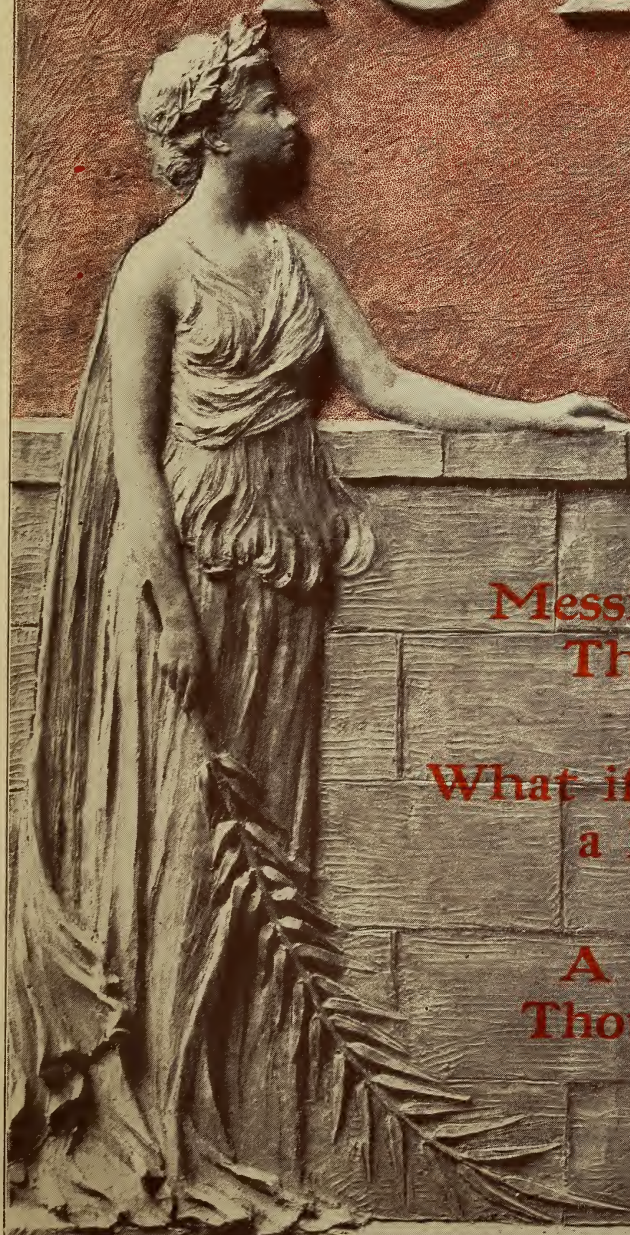


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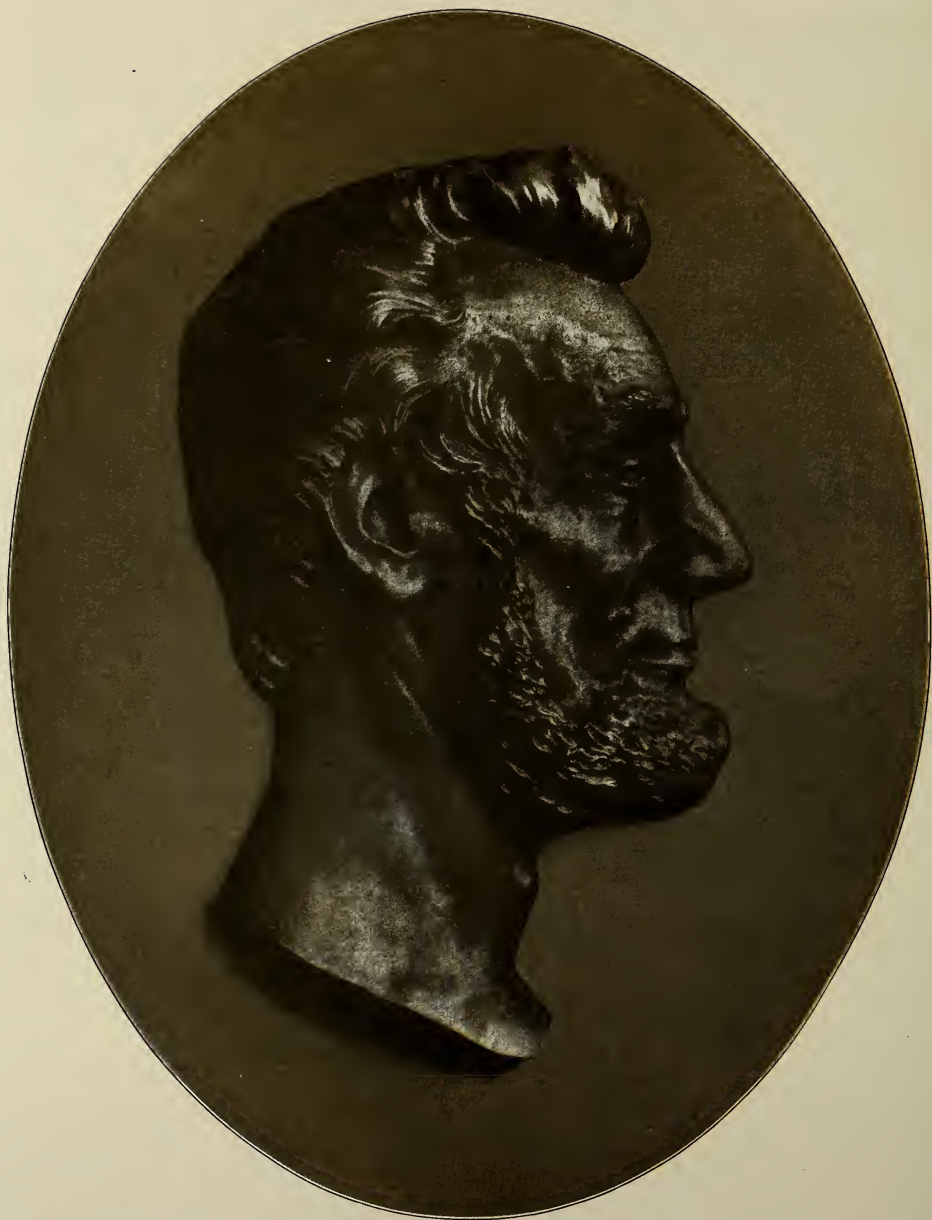
Messina, a City
That Was

What if Russia Had
a Lincoln

A Street of a
Thousand Miles

E. S. HARTON

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The original of this medallion was modeled by the sculptor, Pickett, who worked with Douglas Volk, the maker of the death mask of President Lincoln. It is remarkable in that it shows the exceptional strength of Lincoln's face

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Our Heritage in Lincoln

THERE are men still living who were boys when Abraham Lincoln first saw the light in his tragically poor home. Yet we live in a new world. The prairies over which his father wandered are farms of almost incalculable wealth. The crude towns in which he practiced law are among the great cities of the world. The nation whom he served and helped reconstruct, is no longer rent by sectional strife, and the issues which he confronted have passed into history.

Yet Lincoln himself is still a vivid figure and potent influence. Men equally honored by the vote of their fellow countrymen have become little more than names in the growing list of presidents, but he is still "Father Abraham."

A nation's great men are its real wealth, but most of all the men who personify its ideals.

A civil war is not too great a price to pay for heroes.

But our heritage in the memory of Lincoln is something more even than that of men like Grant in the North or Lee in the South. The new Nation honors both these great military chieftains, but their greatness lies in a field that sooner or later we shall outgrow. The genius of America is not military.

* * *

No more is it merely commercial. We are not going down into history

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simply as a people who exploited the all but limitless wealth of a new continent. Wisely or unwisely, we have done that and are still doing it, but America is more than bank accounts.

The deepest sympathies of a nation appear in the men it most honors, just as the very heart of humanity is seen in the lives it has counted as divine.

The mere conqueror may appeal to the savage still latent within us, but the men we count our real leaders are not our soldiers or those who have merely grown rich. They are the men who have been able to personify our best ideals of justice and honor, democracy and service.

* * *

And among all the men whom the United States honors as incarnations of such ideals Lincoln is foremost. Other men have stood for one or more national virtues, but he is unique in that he stands for all.

It makes little difference whether our estimate of him is historically accurate. It may be that we have read into his character that which he did not embody. The critic may distinguish between the Lincoln of history and the Lincoln of popular belief, but such discrimination has no power outside of academic circles.

Our estimate of him may be too generous, but, whether idealized or not, the real Lincoln is now this portrait.

For in him the American people find the personification of democracy. He is the symbol of that America which seems daily nearer, in which privilege is to yield to worth, and devotion to the common good is to triumph over legalized freebooting. Unsentimental loyalty to ideals, unpretentious sacrifice in the interest of the community, simple and unquestioning devotion to those forces which from the chaos of to-day we feel are to make the better world of to-morrow — all these ideals, which after all constitute the real America, are found in him.

Whatever he may have done is less than what he really was. Slavery would have perished, the union would have grown united without him, but our national life would have been poorer.

Lincoln, himself, was his own best bequest.